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# There Are Many Things That Please Me

Thomas Lux

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THOMAS LUX is 27 years old, and currently teaches poetry workshops at Columbia College in Chicago. His poems have appeared in *Field*, *New American Review*, and many other magazines. His first book, *Memory's Handgrenade*, was published in 1972 by Pym-Randall Press.

THERE ARE MANY THINGS THAT PLEASE ME

The loam and lungs of dreams  
to begin with. Certainly  
those sailboats drifting across  
your thighs please me. I'm pleased  
with the courage of the surgeon  
who performs open heart surgery  
on a mosquito and I'm so pleased  
I can hardly describe the courage  
of the mosquito. I'm pleased  
that ice is finally beginning to lose.  
I'm pleased, very pleased,  
with the lizards and fish  
and whoever else taught us  
this language. Nothing pleases me more  
than not having my tongue  
drawn back in terror. I'm even pleased  
with my strength: I can lift  
these gray aspirin to my lips,  
I can tear this match from a matchbook.  
I'm pleased we can say to our children:  
It's almost time to sing! All  
these things please me, so many  
things please me. I'm pleased  
in the evening when I lower  
the shade and what looks like the last  
snowflake in the world  
doesn't float by. . . . But most of all  
I'm pleased with myself, pleased  
with myself in the same way  
I'd be pleased with a man  
who carries with him a sack  
of disdain, a somewhat silver

disdain, nevertheless a disdain, and  
who is beginning to spill it,  
spill it in the same way the sun  
climbs a hill early in the morning:  
gradually, with a determined heat, leaf  
by leaf and branch over branch.

#### LONGITUDE AND LATITUDE: HART CRANE

If we knew the exact  
longitude and latitude  
of the *Orizaba* the moment  
Hart jumped from the bow

we could go there  
and still find in the air  
the delicate curve  
his body made. It's there,  
you've got to believe me!  
And Hart's still around,  
probably smooth and calm  
in some current travelling

the Gulf Stream, or else  
swimming occasionally up  
river into America,  
close to the banks, close,

close.